



St. Cecilia's Day, 1717.

A N

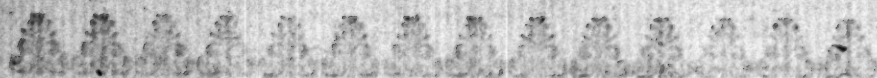
O D E,

PERFORM'D ON

St. Cecilia's Day, 1717.



Printed for J. Knapton



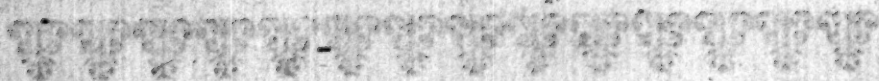
A N

O D E

PERFECT COPY



St. Cecilia's Day, 1717.



Cecilia, Saint

12

A N

O D E,

PERFORM'D ON

St. Cecilia's Day, 1717.

Set to MUSICK

By Mr. WILLIAM BABEL,

AND NOW

Perform'd in the New THEATRE
in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

A N D A

Mad DIALOGUE,

B Y

Mr. Leveridge and Mrs. Thurmond.

The Vocal Parts by

Mrs. BARBIER, Mr. LEVERIDGE,
And Mr. BABEL's Scholar.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JONAS BROWNE, 1718.

(Price 6d.)

AND
O D E

PERFORM'D ON

St Cecilia's Day, 1717.

Set to MUSIC

By Mr. William Child

AND NOW

Performed in the New Theatre
in Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

AND A

Masque

Y

Mr. Lewis and Miss Townsend.



The Vocal Parts by

Mrs. BARBER, Mr. LEVERIDGE,
And Mr. BARBER's Scholars.

L O N D O N.

Printed for JONAS BROWN, 1718.

(Price 6d.)



ODE,

PERFORM'D ON

St. Cecilia's Day, 1717.

M. LEVERIDGE.



AIL! Great Cecilia! Hail, hail!

(Patroness divine!

From thy bright Orb this Day

(auspicious shine,

This Day sacred to Thee.

Inspire our Lays,

Our Voices raise,

Celestial Harmony!

While We sing, sing, thy Praise,

Mrs. Celestial Harmony!

Mrs.

(2)

Mrs. BARBIER.

What can thy wond'rous Power withstand?

At thy Command,

The Rebel Fiends of HELL disband,

And, like thy trembling Strings, beneath Thee
(quake,

And their dear borrow'd Flesh forsake,

The sacred Strokes unable to sustain,

Enrag'd they fly, and gnash their Teeth in vain.

The Heav'nly Sounds recall past Bliss,

Increase their present Pains ;

They plunge into the dark Abyss,

Where endless Discord reigns.

*From thy bright Orb this Day
(audacious shine,*

Mr. BABEL's Scholar.

Thy softer Voice soft Love inspires,

Pleasing Hopes and gay Desires,

New Pleasures in our Veins do move,

Sweet Repose, and sweeter Love.

Mrs.

*While We sing, thy Praise
Celestial Harmony !* Mrs.

Mrs. BABEL.

*Thy Charms, that move
The Choir above,
Enchant the Grove and Plain:
In various Notes,
Their little Throats
The feather'd Warblers strain.*

Mr. BABEL'S Scholar.

*When fair Corinna strikes the soothing Lute,
Fierce Anger sleeps, Detraction's mute,
Revenge forgets her dire Designs,
Pale Envy smiles, Ambition pines,
And every jarring Passion
Unites in Admiration.*

Happy, happy, They

*Who wear thy glorious Chains;
Thy sweet Commands obey,
And feel thy pleasing Pains.*

Mrs. BARBILAN

Thy Trumpet's Sound to Death can lead
 The Living, and must raise the Dead :
 Methinks the quick'ning Blast I hear,
 And, lo! the Good and Just appear.

*The Good and Just arise,
 And view with raptur'd Eyes
 Their Mansions in the Skies,
 Their Souls such Raptures bless,
 As Musick, even Musick, can't express.*

Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Thy Warlike Voice the Hero's Soul
 With Battle, Glory, Triumph fills,
 (His Eyes with fiercer Ardor roll)

His Veins with richer Purple swells
 To Arms, to Arms, to Arms,
 Adieu soft Peace, adieu Love's Charms.
 They fly, they fly, they fly,
 Pursue, pursue, pursue.

Mrs.

(5)

Mrs. BARBIER.

See, the Conqueror's Laurel in view.

Sound the Trumpet, sound,

The Martial Spirits raise;

With Love and Glory crown'd,

Sing, sing the Hero's Praise.

Mr. DABILL, Soloist.
Sound the Trumpet, sound,

THE
ECCHO.

Let Eccho's feeble Notes compound.

CHORUS.

Join all your Instruments, join all your Voices,

All Nations join in Praise,
Made and preserv'd by Thee,

All-powerful Harmony.

B

A



Mad DIALOGUE,

SET

By the Late Mr. H. PARCELL.



A B



Mad DIALOGUE,

SUNG BY
Mr. Leveridge and Mrs. Thurmond.

Behold the Man that with
(Gigantick Might)
Dares combat Heav'n again,
Storm Jove's bright Palace, put the Gods to flight;
Chaos renew, and make perpetual Night;
Come on, ye fighting Fools that petty Fars,
(maintain)
I've all the Wars of Europe in my Brain.

She. Who's he that talks of War,
 When charming Beauty comes,
 In whose sweet Face, divinely fair,
 Eternal Pleasure blooms?
 When I appear, the Martial God

A conquer'd Victim lies;

Obeys each Glance, each awful Nod,
 And dreads the Lightning of my Eling
 (Eyes,

More than the fiercest Thunder in the
 (Skies,

He. Ha! ha! Now, now, we mount up high,

The Sun's bright God and I

Charge on the Azure Downs of some Sky,

See! how the immortal Spirit

Pursue! drive em o'er the burning Zone,

From thence come rowling down,

And search the Globe below, with all the
 (gulphs Main,

To find my lost, my wounding Sense again.

She.

She.

She. By this disjointed Matter,
 That crowds thy Pericranium,
 I nicely have found
 That thy Brain is not sound.
 And thou shalt be my Companion.

He. Come, come, let us plague the World then,
 I embrace the best Occasion, I
 For by Instinct I find
 Thou art one of the Kind
 That first brought in Damnation.

She. My Face has Heav'n enchanted
 With all the Sky-born Fellows,
 Jove press'd to my Breast,
 And my Bosom kiss'd
 Which made old Juno jealous.

He. I challeng'd grieffs Pluto,
 But the God of Fire did burn me,
 Witty Hermes I drub'd,
 Round the Pole with my Club,
 For breaking Jokes upon me.

CHORUS.

She. By the Union of
Then Mad, very mad, very mad let us be,
For Europe does now with our Frenzy agree,
And all things in Nature are mad too as we.
She. I found Apollo singing,
The Tune my Rage increases,

He. Come
I made him so blind,
With a Look that was kind,
That he broke his Lyre to pieces.

He. I drank a Health to Venus,
And the Mole on her white Shoulder,
Mars stinch'd at the Glass,
And I drew it to his Face;
Was ever Hero bolder?

She. 'Tis true, my dear Alcides,
Things tend to Dissolution,
The Charms of Love are lost,
And the Crafts of the Gown,
Have brought all to Confusion.

He. For breaking Jokes upon me.
CHORUS.

He. *The naughty French begun it,
The English Wits pursue it;*

She. *The German and Turk,
Still go on with the Work;*

He. *And all in time will rue it.*

C H O R U S.

*Then Mad, very mad, very mad let us be,
For Europe does now with our Frenzy agree,
And all things in Nature are mad too as we.*

F I N I S.



He. The bloody French began it,
The English War pursue it;
She. The German and Turk,
Still go on with the Work;
He. And all in time will rue it.

C H O R U S.

Then Mad, very mad, very mad let us be,
For Europe does now with our Frenzy agree,
And all things in France are mad too as we.

F I N I S.

